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A

New Prologue

Relating to the

ACT

At OXFORD.

WITH AN

EPILOGUE, Touching the *Model* and *Form* of the intended

THEATRE

IN THE

Hay-Market.

Together with an

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN

By a GIRL of Four Years Old.

London: Printed for *B. Bragg*, at the *Blew-Ball* in *Ave-Mary-Lane*.
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THE PROLOGUE FOR *TIMON* of *ATHENS.*

WEre Times but such as in preceding Days,
There'd be no need for Garniture in Plays;
A well wrought Scene wou'd of it self Invite,
And that which gave Instruction, give Delight;
As each wou'd kindly take the Muses Treat,
And without Bill of Fare sit down and Eat.

But Innovation has your Taste deprav'd,
And Poets now despair of being Sav'd,
Unless some Dance supports 'em as they sink,
Or Song preserves the Sickly Sons of Ink.

Elſe had we not done *Timon*'s Merit wrong,
And ſpun our Invitation out ſo long,
Promis'd ſuch tempting things upon our Bills,
And call'd you in by dint of Shake and Trill,
Forc'd, for your Sakes, our Author to abuſe,
And make the *Athenian*, the *Athenian* loſe.

For Shame, let nobler Sence poſſeſs your Breaſts,
Make us not ever Tools to make you Gueſts,
Not faſhionably Pamper your Diſeaſe,
Or always be Irregular, to Pleaſe.

Follies may take, and Trifles may go down,
As things novel to thoſe that wear the Gown,
And Tumblers, and *French* Girls, and fam'd *L'epine*
May by Collegiate Eyes with Pleaſure ſeen,
But you can ſee no Folly that is new,
Having ſo long the Stage's in your View.

Let t'other Houſe, who a Learn'd Audience want,
Apply themſelves to Learning's Sacred Font,
And like Old Miſtreſſes whoſe Charms are gone,
Leave their Abode for Places more unknown,

We'll

We'll ſtand our Ground, your Pleaſures to Purſue,
Having the Men of Senſe in having you.

In this Bright Circle likewiſe we Confide,
The Stage's Dread, and yet the Stage's Pride,
Oh! May ye ſtand for Ever on our Side.
Our Claim muſt needs Superiour Int'reſt gain,
Wher Judgments Triumph, and where Beauties Reign;
Where Claims like Yours affect our Sight and Soul,
And we behold what none can ſee that Strole.

EPILOGUE, *relating to the Intended Theatre in the* Hay-market.

AND muſt this Houſe your want of Favour Mourn,
And Majeſty's Domeſticks Bankrupts turn?
Muſt theſe Fam'd Walls for deathleſs Bards Renown'd,
Neglected ſtand, and yield to Common Ground,
Where Hoſtlers to good Manners give Offence,
And Grooms beat down the Price of Hay, and Sence.

Forbid it ye that Wit's Dominion hold,
And Merit ſhou'd Eſteem for being Old,
Sign not our Ruin with Subſcribing Hands,
Nor build another while this Fabrick ſtands.
Look on it ſtill, our Theatre ſurvey,
What is there not agreeable and Gay,
Or Ornamental to ſet off a Play?
You cry, *Vitruvian* Rules are here tranſgreſs'd,
And that it cannot bear an Artiſt's Teſt,
That no Piazza opens to the Dome,
Or ſhews the fam'd deſigns of *Greece* and *Rome*.
But what is this to thoſe who Judges ſit,
Not of the Stage's Building, but its Wit,
Who at your Homes ſee Marble Columes riſe,
And with high Guilded Roofs may Glut your Eyes,
We chuſe the Poet's, not the Painter's Pen,
And boaſt a *Shakeſpear*, tho' we boaſt no *Wren*.
Yet are we not ſo deſpicable thought,
But your Surveyor borrows hence his Draught.
Hither your Architects you're pleas'd to ſend,
Who Copy out the Faults they cannot mend,
Who view the Meaſur'd Ground with ſubtil Eyes,
And take the very Model they deſpiſe.

Wiſe-

Wiſeacres we, who fearful of a Storm,
Permit the Foe to lay the Siege in Form,
And to deſtroy us, furniſh 'em with Means,
By letting in their Spies to ſearch our Magazines.
But Reformation muſt amend this Age,
And Fables be Reform'd into a Stage.
Nobles will take their Seats where Filth was laid,
And Beauties deign to Shine where Beaſts were fed,
Like *Baucis*'s Gueſts, who Conſecrate the Ground,
And form a Temple where a Shed was found.
Yet ſhall we ſtill our beſt Endeavours uſe,
And Rival their Piazza's with our Muſe;
Time may reſtore us to our wonted State,
When the deſire of changing ſhall abate,
And things recover their decay'd Eſteem,
Valu'd for what they are, not what they ſeem:
And while by Rules of Art they Building raiſe,
Our Regularity ſhall be in Plays.

An EPILOGUE to be Spoken by Miſs Bickerſtaff, *in* QUAKER'S *Habit.*

FRom *Harry*'s Daughter, and the Princeſs *Beſs*,
I turn Petitioner in Quaker's dreſs;
Sent to Entreat your Favours to this Stage,
With Innocence in Habit, and in Age.
You on this Sect of riper Years have ſmil'd,
And will not ſurely frown upon a Child,
That may in time an artful Siſter prove,
And Look, and Cant, and Sigh you into Love.
Shew that the Spirit with the Fleſh is frail,
And hear with Longing Ears an Amorous Tail;
Carnal and Gay, like the Prophane and Looſe,
Since I have what may one Day be of uſe.
Mild be your Thoughts, as Harmleſs I appear,
And let no Barbarous *Woolſey* Harbour here,
Leſt I forget what Perſon I aſſume,
And fall to Bullying you inſtead of *Rome*,
As ſhewing *Tudor*'s Courage in his Blood,
I Stamp, cry Ha,— and Storm, and make you Good.

FINIS.